EQUUS EROTICUS

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Number 2

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EQUUS EROTICUS

SUMMER 1997

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Cover: **Photo of Satin Princess by Paul Reed**
Saddle and Bridle: **Courtesy of Water Hole Custom Leather**

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

Thank you for the wonderful magazine. For those of us who enjoy being ponies and reading about others and their experiences, we finally have our own magazine. It was refreshing to read about Mike Derrick and Bryan Milhoud. On the Internet, I find very little about pony boys.

As to myself, I am a male riding pony known as Pony Boy Toby. I am monogamous, very happily married middle aged person. A few years ago, my wife caught me looking at some pony girl pictures and really surprised me by suggesting that I might become her pony. We had tried some bondage before, but very little with her as the dominant. I readily agreed to be her pony boy.

I have a wonderful bridle and bit that Zak's Designs made for me, and I added trace reins to it. I wear a body harness with male chastity, Army combat boots, leg irons connected by a chain to a handcuff that locks around my testicles, and tit clamps connected by a chain. My wife cuffs my hands behind my back and locks the chain from rings on the bit to a hook in our basement ceiling. I have very little movement and the bit prevents me from making any coherent sounds.

She leaves me that way as long as she wants and I get very excited and fretful waiting for her. When she is ready, she comes back down to the basement. She may give me a mild whipping, put a vibrator to various parts of my body, etc. She then rides me around the basement and commands me with her whip and pulls on the chain connected to my bit, which act as reins. When she has ridden me as much as she wants, she re-locks me to the ceiling hook which leaves my hands free. Then with our hands and vibrators we give each other release. We find this very erotic and certainly never boring.

She then rides me around the basement and commands me with her whip...

Pony Boy Toby
Ohio

Dear Sir,

I am a woman who lives in the Pacific Northwest and I enjoy being submissive. Because this magazine is looking for true, real life adventures of pony girls, I decided to write this story about my night of being a pony girl at a private party in Canada. My pony name is Vixen and I hope you enjoy my real life adventure.

After going through my mental checklist of self discovery, the memories flashed by, the ones of being captured and bound by the neighborhood "Indians" when I was a child, or reading "that" book at 19, and how "The Story of O" caused shivers of pleasure down my back. My first time wearing a leather collar and kneeling at the feet of a man. These images flashed by and were discarded until I came to a seminar in Seattle a few years ago. During this seminar Sir Michael and dina put on a demonstration of a pony girl.

I remembered sitting in the audience enraptured by this lovely woman encased in an elaborate harness of sleek black leather from the top of her head to the floor. The studs and buckles gleamed under the lights. I could imagine the feel of the leather and the restraint while I

I could only dream of the sensations of such a beautiful means of bondage.

watched her move around the room with her head held proudly. I felt an unexpected feeling of envy. I could only dream of the sensations of such a beautiful means of bondage. Her arms and hands clipped to the harness, bit in mouth, with the reins attached. Knowing that anyone holding them would be able, with just a flick if the wrist, to make her move wherever they wished. I was mesmerized in awe at the exotic possibilities.

As with many fantasies that were filed under the category of "desired/unfulfilled," I knew that I would never have a chance to live this fantasy. I was right, at least for a few years.

Unexpectedly, I had the pleasure of meeting Bruce, a Master Leathercrafter from Canada. At our semi-monthly Triskeli Guild meeting I was talking with him. In the course of the conversation he brought up John's name, as he was talking about his latest project. By the end of the evening, I had John's phone number safely secured in my purse.

For a little more than twelve hours I waited, and not patiently either, until it was a decent time of day for a phone call to a stranger. My intention was to only make contact and perhaps fawn just a little over this creator of so many of my late night fantasies.

Instead of the expected courteous "Thank you!" and brush off, John asked me if I would like to meet him for coffee. He was passing through town on his way south and had the time to meet me in person.

Why was I so excited about meeting this man? He was the one who made and designed the pony girl harnesses in the film that Sir Michael and dina showed during their seminar. The harness that inspired the outfit worn by her several years ago.

John was easy to find at the restaurant. He was just as he described himself, one of those men of indeterminate age, somewhere between puberty and senility. His hair that was once dark was now streaked with gray and pulled back into a long ponytail. He was thin and attractive. What he did not describe was the way his eyes lit up when he talked about his passions. He is one of those people with the lights on and definitely someone home.

We talked for an hour covering a myriad of subjects. Much like a bee, he flitted from topic to topic tasting a hint of nectar from each and moving on to the next. All too soon it was time for each of us to return to our planned days; but not without him

giving me an invitation to a private party with him on Friday. A party, where I would me presented in full pony girl regalia. I knew there was nothing in the world that would keep me from that.

Two days later, arriving at John's neat suburban split-level home, I was greeted and welcomed in by his sweet and lovely wife of two decades. How this nice lady with no interest in the darker side of life could have been married to this Mad Scientist of B&D and S&M all those years caused me to shake my head, at a loss for understanding.

Slowly, methodically and smoothly, John repeated an often previously performed ritual of creating a "pony girl" out of cowhide and human flesh.

John escorted me to his basement, and began preparing the items that he would need to help me dress properly. Always the gentleman, he offered to leave the room as I prepared to remove my clothing and step into the one piece of clothing I would wear, my leather thong. After considering what I would be wearing the rest of the evening, I told him he could stay if he wanted. I briefly thought about going to the bathroom one last time; but I was too excited about taking any time away from feeling the pony girl harness finally on me.

Slowly, methodically and smoothly, John repeated an often previously performed ritual of creating a "pony girl" out of cowhide and human flesh. First came the cinch, a wide piece of leather that went from near the bottom of my ribs, to the flair of my hips. John carefully mated the front and back together, buckling it together at the sides, checking with me about the comfort at every step along the way. Next came the crotch piece, an elongated V-shaped leather that was attached to the cinch in the front, reaching through my legs with the tip of the V finding

the buckle at the base of my spine. Also coming off at the mid point of the V, were two other straps. These I called "cheek straps." They ran under each of my buttocks and locked into the cinch at my hipbones on the sides.

Suddenly, John pulled the left one tight, and then as quickly moved to the right one and pulled it in place as well. That little light in the back of my brain suddenly illuminated and the first of the endorphins flowed. I felt my cheeks being pulled up tight and high, on display for anyone behind me, and felt the cinch sink and settle against my hips. I also felt a sweet tightness deep inside me while I squirmed against the crotch piece.

John continued his ministering keeping a light banter going, as he pulled, tightened and checked continuously for comfort. He attached the two piece top, a mesh of leather that allowed my nipples to peek out from the center of the cups. The metallic click and the whir of leather being pulled over metal continued. With every buckle closed, it became evident exactly how restraining this was going to become. It also became clearer how much I was enjoying it as well. The crotch piece chafed between my thighs somewhat, but I was wishing we had added that dildo that I knew could be attached to it. At least then I would have a reason for this glazed look on my face.

Looking in the mirror, I was amazed by the transformation in myself. From petty bureaucrat to a pony girl. I shook my head to get my mane out of my face, and felt the nearly total resistance of the smooth leather headstall, which held the bit in my mouth. I wondered how it would feel when it was cinched tightly instead of just lightly fitted.

I felt my cheeks being pulled up tight and high, on display for anyone behind me, and felt the cinch sink and settle against my hips.

John took his time fitting the headstall. Too much time as far as I was concerned, as I wanted to leave for the party. I was ready but John was not. John wanted it right. After a few minutes, it was fitted properly, and connected to the shoulder piece. At least I think it was. You see, by this time I had given up on following the mechanics and was concentrating on the straightening grip on my body.

A pair of handcuffs with the center link severed were placed on each wrist and ratcheted down over two broad pieces of leather, comfortable, secure and escape proof. At this point I was ready to leave. John was not. He still had one more very important piece of hardware to add.

The bit had been on the bed in front of me throughout this harnessing, but with so much else going on I had overlooked it. John found one the right size and padded it a little, so not harm my teeth, and placed it in my mouth. With that slight electrical metallic taste and the click of my teeth on the bit it all changed. I was one moment a woman cocooned in leather and the next a prized thoroughbred (well, maybe not a spindly legged thoroughbred but more of an American Quarter horse) waiting for my groom to take the reins and lead me through my paces.

The bit was buckled into the rest of the harness and lightly tightened. I could not move my head in any direction without turning my shoulders and torso. For the first time in my life I was an accessory to my attire, instead of the other way around.

John directed me to a full length mirror and left me alone. It had worked! I was a pony girl! Not quite the lithe filly I wished but still an attractive mare with plenty of life in her. My hair was a mess, and I wished I had the sense to French braid it, but only a minor flaw in what I was seeing. My blonde hair came down over my eyes, and since we all know that ponies have no hands, I shook my head to rearrange it. The hair fluttered and settled out of my eyes, but more than anything else, I could hear the bridle clips clicking against the bit. The fascinating thing was that I could hear it through my teeth. I loved it! I stood there clamping the bit tightly in my teeth shaking my head listening to the sound (music to my ears) of the pony girl reverberating.

Soon enough John returned, dressed and ready to go. He removed the bit and helped me into my black cape for the ride to the party. After a brief good bye to his wife and a quick kiss we were on our way.

Generally I am very sensitive to cold. So much so that I have a small space heater going almost constantly under my desk at work. The drive through a cool March night, in a full size van that had not been driven all day would have, under normal circumstances, caused my teeth to chatter for the first ten minutes. This night I can not remember even being aware of the temperature in the van, even though I was functionally naked under my cloak.

We were fortunate enough to find a place to park directly across the street from our destination. It was the Bettie Page Third Anniversary Party being held in a small private club on the edge of Vancouver's historic Gastown. I found it extremely exciting walking in public through the streets of Vancouver dressed in a cloak with a pony girl harness and costume underneath.

I wish we had put the bit back in its place before crossing the street. I wanted to make an entrance as a complete pony girl. As it was, when we entered the room we came in to a wave of applause. This was from a

group that sees fetish wear weekly so John's creation garnered applause even with the look incomplete.

John made a few quick introductions, and then spirited me downstairs to a little privacy. I say a little privacy, because even though we were out of the way, people still stopped to watch John work his magic.

He orchestrated the placement of the straps and bit with artful and concise movements. While he was fitting the bit in place, I felt my head pulled from one side to the other. A tug behind one ear, then the other, and I was part of the harness. I was not a model to show it off because it had became an actual part of me. There was no discomfort, just firm and unyielding control. If I wanted to move, I could as long as it was within the limits set by the harness but more importantly by the holder of the reins. If John wanted to go one way, and I resisted him, with the slightest tension on the reins he drew me the way he wished for me to go. I tested the limits, as I always do. It soon became apparent that deciding where we were going was not an option available to me.

Following John as he toured the club, I began to understand this fascination. As the harness and I became comfortable with one another, a transition took place. Not instantly, but it grew, first with a shake of my head, and the bit in my teeth. Then a bit of a prance, or perhaps a little high stepping, like a Tennessee Walking Horse in a parade. It was the pride and power of the beast growing within me, communicating with snorts, shakes and stomps of my feet. I wanted to make my handler look good, and to show myself off with the vanity of a proud horse.

As the harness and I became comfortable with one another, a transition took place.

After about thirty minutes, John asked me if I would like the bit removed. I nodded that I would. Not that it was uncomfortable, but it was causing me to drool on my breasts and the harness while making me very thirsty. He undid the many leather straps and removed the bit from my mouth. For the first few minutes I had to change my thinking because I briefly forgot, I could talk.

As I rested another pony girl arrived at the party. A tall thin pony, sheathed in black Spandex from ankle to head, she had heavy makeup on her eyes and she danced as she twirled and pulled at her trainer's lead. Five inch patent leather heels, locked on her ankles, clattered on the wooden floor while her groom lunged her around the room, proudly displaying his highly spirited two legged equine.

Her harness was more of a show harness than the one I was wearing. Smaller in width and bulk, the edges finely tooled and finished. She gleamed and flashed as she took her turn through the room. All eyes were on this black leather and Spandex specter.

I did not feel jealousy at her finery, it was just a different style.

My bit was returned to my mouth and we were put side by side, in tandem, for the crowd to see the differences. Perhaps with a little more experience with other ponies, I would have known how to interact with her, but this was my first time, I remind you.

After wearing the harness for nearly four hours it suddenly became uncomfortable, chaffing here and rubbing there. I asked John if we could remove it. If he would have said "No," I would have endured it. Removal was not something I expected.

He said, "I am surprised you wore it this long, the first time." I thought I was being a weakling and instead was praised for my endurance. We are often our own worst critic.

The ride home was a blur. Much like the feeling I sometimes get after a S&M scene. Because I was lost from reality, John tried to keep me entertained on the drive back to his house. I hope he is not hurt when he reads this, but my mind was back at the party. I was still hearing my hooves on the wooden floor with the bit's smooth feel and metallic bite on my tongue.

Almost reluctantly I slipped into my old comfortable jeans and oversized blouse for the drive home and bid John good night.

The drive home is of no consequence, except for a woman U.S. Customs Inspector at the border.

"Why were you in Canada?"

I could only smile wistfully as I said "For fun!" I am so glad she did not ask me to explain.

Pony Girl Vixen
Washington

A Pony Named Sarah

by Monica Minx

illustrations by Legion

The next day was a joy for Sarah, because she, Ed and the entire staff got along quite well. She met the chauffeur, Carl who lived over the garage. "Hello, Sarah. I'm Carl. If you need to travel anywhere, please just let me know. I've been instructed to take you anywhere you need to go."

"Thanks Carl, but I have my own car. Besides, I think I have everything I need."

"That's good." Carl smiled and spoke in a soft friendly voice. "However, Mr. Farnzworth prefers that I take you where you need to go even though you have your own car."

Sarah was surprised to hear that. Mr. Farnzworth had not said that to her. Well, not exactly. He had said that Carl would take her anywhere she needed to go. She felt it was a courtesy not a demand. Since she was new, a little confused and not sure what to say, she just smiled. "Ah, I probably won't need to go anywhere while he's gone. But thanks for the offer."

Still smiling, Carl opened his mouth to say something else, but Ed interrupted him. "It's OK. Carl. We'll let you know if she needs to go off the estate and might need you."

Carl looked like he had been given an order, a friendly order but an order. Whatever he was going to say went unsaid.

"Very well. It's nice to meet you Sarah. If I can help to get you settled in your apartment, all you have to do is ask."

Sarah was curious about the interchange between the two men but dismissed it immediately. "Thanks Carl. Ed and Tom took care of all that yesterday."

"I'll see you around Sarah. Bye Ed." Carl turned to walk back toward the garage.

"Bye," Sarah turned toward the stables.

Ed was two steps ahead of her heading toward the stables. He stopped and then turned around, "Hey Carl, wait for me. I'll walk to the garage with you. I have something I need to get. Sarah, go on inside and brush down Star Dust will you? I'll join you soon."

Carl paused to wait for Ed to come to him. "OK," said Sarah.

Ed and Carl appeared to be chatting amicably as they rounded the corner to the garage. "It's OK. Carl. I know how Mr. Farnzworth feels about his pony girls doing anything without one of us being with them. Sarah hasn't figured out yet why she was really hired. He has no control over her yet. Until he returns, if she decides to drive to the store or something, just let her go. We're to look after her and not control her, not yet anyway. This one is going to make a great pony girl. We are all going to enjoy her training sessions. Mr. Farnzworth can hardly control himself around her, let alone control her at the same time."

"You know how he won't let any of his pony girls off the estate once the training starts unless one of us is at the reins."

"I understand." Carl smiled and hit Ed lightly on his back.

"She is a pretty little thing isn't she. I wonder which color he'll pick for her. I thought she knew more than she does about her training. You know how he won't let any of his pony girls off the estate once the training starts unless one of us is at the reins."

"Yeah, I'm looking forward to that again too." Ed stopped and faced Carl. "But right now it's, easy does it. Mr. Farnzworth is going to take this one slowly. Sarah has never been away from home before. He also told me that last night convinced him that she has no idea she possesses the deep equestrian passion needed to become a pony girl."

"He told you about last night?" Carl wished Mr. Farnzworth had included him in the telling of that story. "What did he say?"

Ed chuckled as he recalled what he had been told late last night after Sarah had left the house. "He said she was magnificent. She got so caught up in the scene he created for her, it required little help from Mr. Farnzworth to begin the mental training needed. Sarah is so ready for this. It's just that she doesn't know it. Her restrictive background may make it easier for her to bolt and run away than to stay and face the truth. Mr. Farnzworth wants to begin slowly so that he doesn't lose her back to the farm."

"I wish I could have seen it," Carl shook his head.

"Me too," Ed confessed. "We'll get our turn. He has to handle her alone for a short time."

"Thanks Ed for letting me know what's going on. I'll lay back."

"OK." Ed turned back to the stables. "I'll talk to you later tonight. It's going to be a long week without him here."

"Sure will be. But it sounds like she's worth waiting for," Carl raised his hand signaling good-bye as he walked away.

"How are you doing Sarah?" Ed walked up to pat Star Dust on the neck.

"Almost done. The horses are all so beautiful. It's going to be so much fun caring, exercising and, well, just being around all these animals." Sarah lowered her eyes when she started to stumble over the words.

Why do I feel embarrassed saying that? She looked up at Ed, smiled and then turned her full attention to the horse. "Star Dust seems to like being pampered," Sarah started brushing the horse's coat again.

"She sure does," Ed was rubbing Star Dust's neck as he spoke. "She'd stand here for hours and let you do this if you would. Star Dust is the opposite of Lightning. He practically runs the other way when he sees a brush coming his direction. He'll be a hand full for you the first time, but you can handle him. You need to prove who's boss, that's all."

"Thanks for the warning." Sarah liked Ed. She was going to like this job too.

The end of the day finally came. "Sarah, would you like to join Carl, Tom and me for a game of cards around seven tonight?" Ed felt he should at least try to include her.

"Thanks Ed, but I still have some unpacking to do." She wondered if the lie showed on her face. "Maybe another time."

Ed hoped he did not show his pleasant relief at her refusal. It was more fun with just the guys. "Of course, is there anything you need moved?"

"No, just unpacking. Thank you though. I'll see you tomorrow." She walked up the stairs to her apartment.

It seemed to take forever to shower, eat and get to what she really wanted to do. By the time the guys were dealing the first hand, Sarah was turning her first page. Sitting in the middle of her bed, nude and excited, she decided first to look through the book quickly to find Shaharazade. Then she would go back to the beginning and luxuriate over each picture, each page and each animal one by one. She found Shaharazade approximately in the middle of the book. What a beautiful horse! Sleek, jet black, impeccably groomed in black and sharp red accouterments,

Shaharazade possessed the pose of a Queen. Her head and neck perfectly arched to support a tall red plumage headdress. Her dark black mane and tail were braided and decorated with red ribbon laced throughout the braids with a delicate, small red bow at the end of each braid. It appeared as if the red in the plumage and the red ribbon matched exactly. The jet black saddle and bridle would have been lost in the black shine of her hide if it were not for the bright detailed outline of each created by the shiny silver metal.

Sitting in the middle of her bed, nude and excited, she decided first to look through the book quickly to find Shaharazade.

Sarah could imagine Shaharazade sucking in her stomach as any women would do when being photographed. The beauty of the picture coupled with the imagined smell of the new leather brought the first hint of wetness to each set of Sarah's lips. She wiped the back of her hand across her mouth to sponge off her lips and chin. The lower wetness would be allowed to build up as the night continued.

Trying to get back into focus Sarah turned reluctantly to the beginning of the book. However, with each page she found herself studying each animal, trying to feel each horse's spirit. She found something in each picture that made her pause and delight in what she saw in each horse's stance and presentation. Each picture heightened Sarah's senses and increased the wetness between her legs. As she approached the end of the book, her wetness was flowing freely. Sarah was rocked back to reality by the sound of the phone ringing. It startled her. Who would be calling her? No one knew this number except her parents and she had just talked to them yesterday. The stark ringing had almost stopped her heart and most certainly had stopped her wetness.

"Hello." Instead of shouting the word as she felt she should to help relieve the built up tension, she whispered it as if she did not want to wake someone sleeping close to her.

"Hello, Sarah?" Paul thought if he shouted, he would be able to hear Sarah better. "Sarah is that you, I can hardly hear you. It's Paul Farnzworth."

Speaking with more force she said, "Hello, yes it's me!" She was totally back in the room now. "I'm sorry, can you hear me better now? I was so engrossed in this book you gave me, I sort of lost track of, ah, things."

"Hi, yes, that's better. I can hear you now." Paul spoke in a normal tone. "Oh, I'm glad you are enjoying it. I just wanted to call to be sure your first day went OK. I felt badly that I had to leave town so soon after you came."

"How nice of you to call. Yes, my day went well. Everyone is being so nice to me. And the horses, they are so beautiful, I can't get enough of them."

"Well, that's good to hear. I knew Ed would take good care of you in my absence." Paul wanted Ed and Sarah to do well together. When Paul was not around, Ed would control the reins.

"Listen I won't keep you. I'm sure you're tired after your first day and enjoy the book. Did you find Shaharazade yet?"

"Sure. She was the first one I looked up in the book. What a magnificent animal. No wonder you loved her. As I said, she is the most beautiful horse in the book. I would say that even if she weren't your horse. Her spirit leaps off the page at you and it's easy to feel her soul."

Paul was delighted by her response to the book. "You sound like you are moved by what you see."

"You're right." Sarah was embarrassed that Paul could understand her feelings that clearly. "Ah," the hesitation illness was back again. "Ah, I don't want to hold you up," Sarah finally managed to say.

"I'll talk to you soon, Sarah." The book was working. In a softer tone he said, "Good night."

"Good night, Paul." Unknowingly Sarah matched Paul's tone.

Suddenly Sarah was very content, very relaxed and sleepy. She closed the book, turned out the light and fell asleep just as the guys were finishing their last hand for the night.

The remainder of the week went on about the same as Sarah's first day. Work was completely enjoyable for her. Now she was able to exercise the horses as well as groom them. She had not found a horse she could not handle. Even Lightning had come to the understanding that there was a time to be groomed and a time to run until the sweat was pouring off his body. Ed did not invite her to play cards again on any of the evenings. Sarah was glad she did not have to lie about why she would rather go back to her own apartment. Each night she performed the same ritual, bath, eat, sit in the middle of the bed nude and each night the wetness would flow as it had the night before. Sarah was a little disappointed that she did not receive another phone call from Paul. She chastised herself out loud the night before his return.

"What did you expect you idiot? After all, he is only your boss. He didn't have to make the first call, why would he make any calls after that? Get your head on straight."

Every night Sarah would look at the book as if it were the first time she had seen it. Every night she would fall asleep clutching the book to her chest. Every night she would dream sweet dreams of horses, the different accessories they could have on and of horse shows and trainers. Some nights the horses were actually horses. Some nights, the horses had human heads and horse's bod-

ies. It was not a nightmare, they were not grotesque. They were beautiful and proud. The last night or two the horses had been entirely human and one of the horses was definitely her.

Shaharazade was still her favorite. Of all the horses in the book, she was outstanding. Paul must have trained her very well. It was obvious to Sarah that Shaharazade was putting every muscle, every fiber of her being into the show. The horse could not have shown more pose and refinement if she had been human.

Half way through her morning chores, Sarah heard what she had hoped to hear coming from behind her. "Hello Sarah. How are you doing?"

"I'm doing well Mr. Farnzworth. Thank you." She turned to face those beautiful blue eyes and that soft sensuous voice that had bid her good night on the phone what seemed years ago now. "Welcome home."

Looking at Sarah made Paul's pants swell with anticipation. He chuckled to himself. Maybe his time away had had the same effect on him that he had hoped the time away would have on Sarah. He was even more eager to get started than he had been when he had left on the imaginary business trip. Paul had actually spent the time purchasing all the equipment, clothing and in some cases instruments needed to complete Sarah's training. Thinking of those items, and looking at her made him want to grab her by her thick black pony tail and drag her down to the basement. Luckily, he was able to control himself. There were two reasons that the timing was not quite right. For one reason, the basement was not ready. Ed would start on that this evening. Most importantly, Sarah was not quite ready. He would work on that tonight too. ∩

The last night or two the horses had been entirely human and one of the horses was definitely her.

Part 3 of 3
will continue next issue.

Equus Eroticus Interview

Satin Princess

This is an interview with Satin Princess who is in her 30's, very submissive, lives in New York City and really enjoys being a riding pony girl. She has experience as a submissive in many films, videotapes and has even appeared in a Broadway Stage Production with television, movie and stage star Tony Randall. Her latest videotape that has just been released is "Pain Slut 2" where she appears as Slave Ann with Master Rick Savage. Currently working as an exotic dancer at a Manhattan Gentleman's Club she is also doing many films and videotape fetish productions. She loves being a submissive because she does not think of it as work but rather as playing. She has a wonderful time appearing in these productions because she is sharing her love of submission with the rest of the world. She thinks of herself as doing public service announcements for America's last taboo, masochists. Satin Princess firmly believes dominance and submission are the natural order of relationships between people and the animal kingdom. She is not afraid to admit that she enjoys this primal urge. Also, she absolutely enjoys being whipped, spanked and flogged among many other submissive activities. She strongly believes that communication is the essence of any relationship, because without communication a relationship will not exist or flourish. An accomplished poet she also writes and performs many of her poems during poetry readings at various locations around New York City. Many of her poems have been published.

EQUUS EROTICUS: Where and what do you remember most about growing up in Canada?

SATIN PRINCESS: Although I was born in New York, I grew up in Calgary, Canada; the home of the Calgary Stampede, "The World's Largest Rodeo." I loved to watch the chuck wagon races and especially the brilliantly ornate horses of the Native American Parades from the different Indian Reservations. I always thought it was wonderful watching these glorified animals just strut down the street. Everyone was envious of the horses, because they were treated like royalty. I guess even then, I was subconsciously thinking about having someone ride me, just like those beautiful horses parading down the streets of Calgary.

EQUUS EROTICUS: How did you learn you were very submissive?

SATIN PRINCESS: I have been submissive all of my life, that is just the way I am. I knew even as a child that I was going to be a submissive. Some people are submissive and some are not and I definitely am; there is no denying the fact. I have always loved being a submissive and masochist. Being a riding pony girl is an absolutely fantastic submission and I love it. There is a nice rhythm that is built up, (like in most S/M scenes) between the

master and the slave who is role playing an animal in this case.

EQUUS EROTICUS: Describe your feelings and what are you thinking when you are a pony girl?

SATIN PRINCESS: When I am a pony girl and giving a ride to my rider for the first couple of minutes, I am concentrating on my movements, obeying the commands and getting into my rider's head to establish some kind of a telepathic communication. Then after about 3 minutes, I become aware of my rider's body language and body rhythm and since I am blindfolded, I really feel my rider's leg muscles around me. Since I am adjusting to the body language of my rider, I do not experience the normal stress on my hands and knees. Because of this stress reduction, I am able to give much longer rides for my master. It makes me feel real good and excited too know that I am doing my best as a pony girl.

"Being a riding pony girl is an absolutely fantastic submission and I love it."

EQUUS EROTICUS: When did you first learn about pony girls?

SATIN PRINCESS: I was 22 years old when I first heard about pony girls from a dominatrix at a club where I was working and who liked the way I looked and invited me to her dungeon. While I was there, I viewed a Centurions Catalog and in the catalog there was a pony girl photo. I remember thinking the photo looked so erotic because the pony girl had her hair pulled up and she was even wearing boots, a plume and bridle complete with bit. I thought that photo was so awesome and very sexy looking.

EQUUS EROTICUS: When did you see your first pony girl?

SATIN PRINCESS: I became aware of the art of pony girls at The Eulenspiegel Society's Convention because I saw several pony girls at an exhibition being put through a dressage routine that looked fantastic. I could tell the pony girls went through an intensive training program because of their many intricate steps. It is like dancing really because it is difficult to do those dressage routines and I could tell they practiced many long hours. Pony girls are so stylish and absolutely beautiful.

EQUUS EROTICUS: What safety precautions should be taken by your master and how can he help you when you are being used as a pony girl?

SATIN PRINCESS: The weakest parts of the body when you are carrying someone are the knees. When I am being ridden, I always insist on having good quality cloth knee pads. By cushioning and protecting my knees with knee pads, I am able to give my master much longer rides. My master and I, after many riding sessions have determined the best place on my back for him to sit and ride me. Although, this may vary between other pony girls, I have found that I am more comfortable when my rider sits slightly forward of my hips. This puts most of his weight over my hips and straight down my legs and therefore my back is carrying less weight than it

appears. Another aspect that helps me be a better pony girl is that my master should also have a good sense of balance and sit firmly on my back. If my rider sits on my back and he seems shaky, I spend more energy giving him a ride than if he had more confident and steady body movements.

EQUUS EROTICUS: How would you describe the relationship between a master and his pony girl?

SATIN PRINCESS: The ability to communicate between a master and a pony girl is very erotic and romantic. Most people think the relationship is about force and domination. I do not see why some people do not understand the whole relationship between a human pony and their rider. In the book THE IMAGE by John Berg, there is a wonderful foreword written by Pauline Reage who wrote THE STORY OF O. She says that the master is the one worshipping at the shrine of the tortured body of a submissive and any second that submissive can turn the whole experience into absolutely nothing. In a master/slave relationship it is all about what a submissive can give to the master and the submissive's energy determines how far the relationship can go. The whole relationship is determined by the submissive and the energy she gives to her master. For me, being a pony girl is very enjoyable and absolutely wonderful experience because it is the ultimate submission to a master. A pony girl is not necessarily restrained by her master, she is restrained by herself. In other words, the pony girl is submitting herself to her rider under many of her own conditions and restraints.

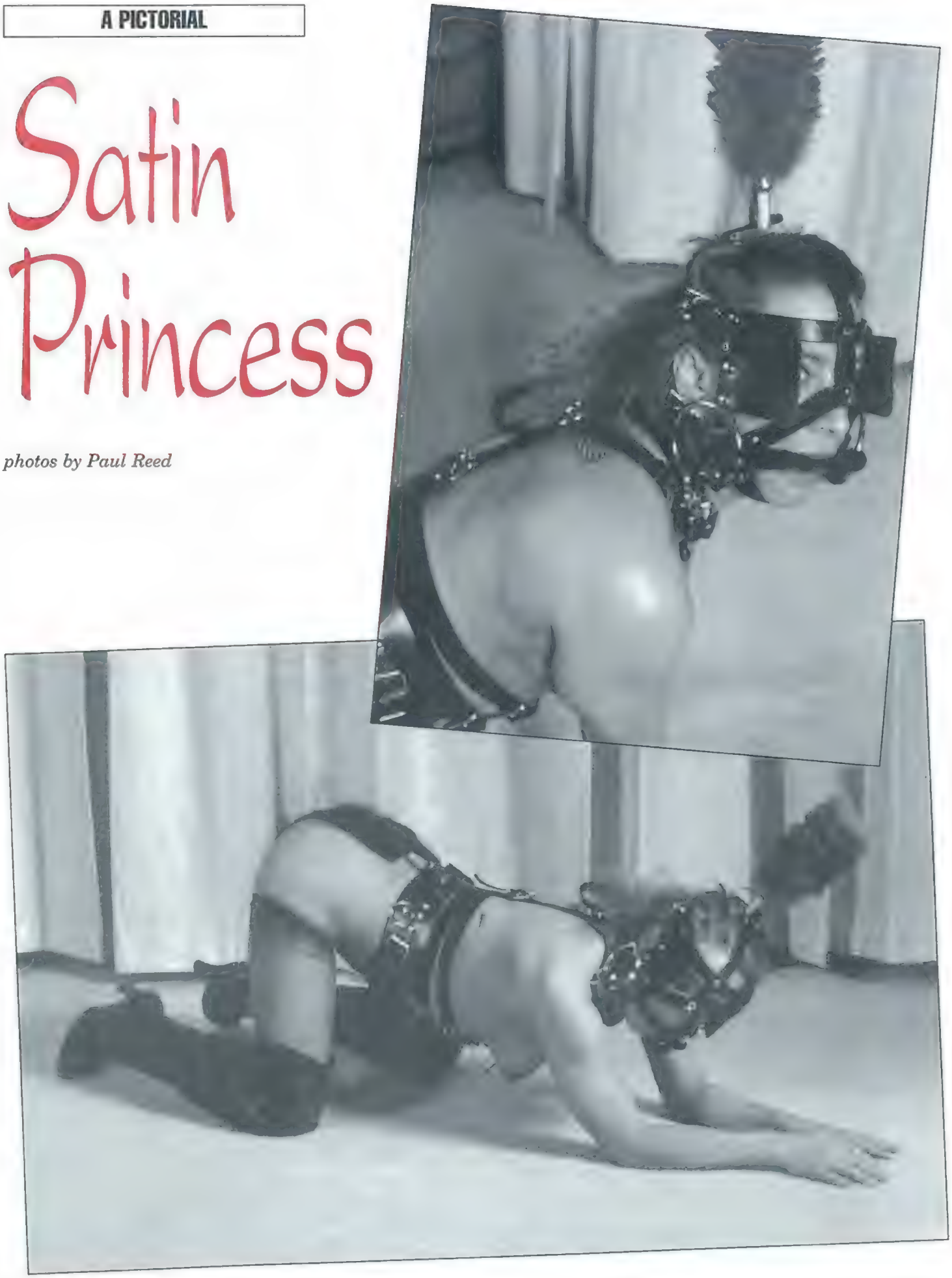
EQUUS EROTICUS: Why should a female (or male) submissive consider being a human riding pony?

SATIN PRINCESS: People do not realize how romantic the aspects of submission and domination really are and how erotic that makes a relationship. There is a great rhythm built up between the rider and the pony girl. They actually start behaving as one animal and each person knows how the other is going to behave. It is like operating in another plane of reality and most people do not understand how that is possible. You might as well have a good time anyway, since you are going to be misunderstood by the majority of people. Being a pony girl or boy is another facet of submission, a very rewarding and erotic experience and I definitely recommend the fantasy of being a human riding pony to any submissive who wants to find out what total submission is. Ω

A PICTORIAL

Satin Princess

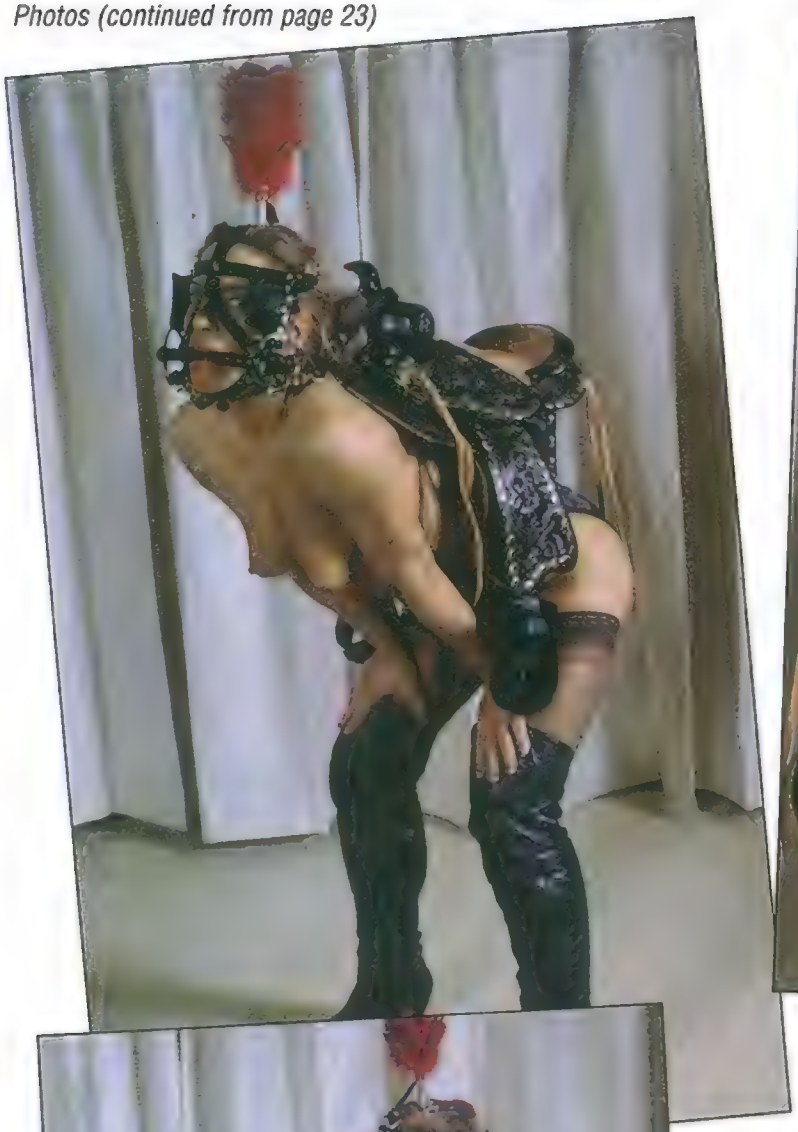
photos by Paul Reed



Photos (continued on page 26)

Pony Girl "Fifi"

Photos (continued from page 23)



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ADULTS ONLY

Pony Girl "Lady Vainglorious" and Pony Boy "Silver Sparks" in England at the

Whiplash Pleasure Zone '96

photos by Ziegfried Brahm

The Other Pony Club welcomes anybody to whom this appeals, whether they're a would-be pony, puppy, owner, trainer or simply a fan who likes to watch. We are the largest such club in the world, with hundreds of members, with more people contacting us every day. For details about The Other Pony Club, or The Muir Reform Academy, please contact: Sir Guy Masterleigh, PO Box 135, Hereford, HR2 7PE, UK. or: http://www.tawse.com or: guy@acopclub.demon.co.uk. Please enclose 2 worth of stamps from the UK, or US $10, to help cover expenses.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL PROFILE

Tales from the Rubber Pony

by Bryan Milhoud

This is the second in a series of true stories that explains how a male discovers he enjoys being a pony boy and becomes known as the "Rubber Pony." The beginnings of this long relationship are detailed in Issue #1 of EQUUS EROTICUS and this magazine can be ordered from Magic Pony Productions.

A Stable Party

There comes a time in every pony boy's or girl's life when their master's pride in the results of long hours of training burst past private pleasures and compel them to reveal to the world their erotic accomplishment. For many it's a goal both master and mastered work fervently towards achieving. For others, it is a surprise of a last minute nature.

For months now, I had been the joyful discovery of my lady, herself an accomplished rider and trainer of both four and two legged ponies. In my black latex rubber pony suit, hoof boots and pony head, I had become a treasured riding and bed partner, spending hours in each arena as the black and shiny rubber pony, property of Jan. She had taken on an untrained, unknowing, rubber and equus fetishist and had created with extreme care, a skilled, loving and obedient pony boy who would stay in his pony personae suit, head and all, for days if necessary too please and pleasure his lady.

Our usual routine of activities started with each dressing in a private room. I would don my tail pants, leggings, gloves, suit, hoof boots and head. She would slide into her black latex catsuit, rubber riding jacket, high heeled riding boots and open finger latex gloves. Then we would meet in her well apportioned dungeon, converted by us into a riding stable and arena, more in keeping with where our lifestyle desires had led us.

I would lower myself to my hands and knees and she would carefully groom her rubber pony, shining me up until she could see herself in the reflection on my suit. When I was as shinny as she desired, out would come the bridle and saddle. As she would with a real horse, she tacked me up from the left or off side, first slipping the bridle over my head and then inserting the bit properly. Following the bridling, she would set the rubber saddle we had made carefully on my back and fastening it to me by its girth. Depending upon her riding plans for the evening, she might further tack me up with such things as modified martingales, which wrapped me from the top of my poll (head between the ears), down along my back, around the tail, fastened to my genitalia, then back up through the forelegs and completing the circuit at the bridle. This assured that I kept my head properly positioned where she wanted it or it inflicted a "distinctive reminder" between my legs!

From here it would be hours of on the knees riding, with Jan working leg and passive rein as she would a real horse. With care, she would guide me around the ring, through a course of obstacles and back to the stall she had set up for me.

Following the ride, she would untack me and we would spend hours in bed, me in my pony suit, her in her riding attire, attending to the sexual side of our special relationship.

We had both grown very proficient at our play and by this time, I had made a second rubber saddle, this one built on an actual saddle tree modified to fit my back to her seat. Our play and love became the high point of each week and something we both looked forward too. So it went for almost four months; twice, sometimes three times, a week; dress, tack, ride, untack and love. I was a very happy pony and she a very pleased rider.

Fall was approaching and in Central New York State, when Fall comes, it comes hard and fast. The bright sunny clouds of Summer give way to ominous blue clouds and a cold wind blows steadily from the West bringing an early chill to a land soon destined to be under a blanket of snow.

As a welcoming ritual to Fall, we planned to spend three days together as pony and rider. This was something I had been looking forward to; an extended visit with my rider, rather than the short half nights we had been spending together. I anxiously packed my pony suit, head, and hoof boots and headed over to her place, just a hill or two away.

Upon arrival I was surprised to find her and two bags waiting for me in the driveway. "We've been invited," she began as soon as I pulled up, "to a special party. Come on, I'll explain on the way."

We piled our bags into her late model sedan and headed down Interstate 81 towards Binghamton and the southern tier of New York. Darkness was fast approaching.

"Do you remember that I told you, I used to engage in rubber play with some folks from the Binghamton area?" She asked me. I nodded, replying yes, recalling that she had told me that she and several others from the southern tier town had a rubber group going a while back. Some bondage, some sex and all rubber. As I recalled, she had parted company with them before I met her.

"Bill called me at work today." She continued, "Seems the old group is going to have a get together tonight at his place. His lady and a few others have been doing the pony thing too and he thought I would get a kick out of the evening. They're going to have a stable party."

She looked at me with a grin. "I told him I had a new friend who was my rubber partner now but I only told him a little bit about our pony activities. I think we will blow them away when we do our routine for them."

I am not sure what my face must have looked like, but I dearly wish I had a picture. Looking back from the experience of so many stable parties now, it is amazing I can recall the exact emotional feelings that gripped me when the meaning of her words sank in. All we had done, sex included, in the privacy of our special place, was about to happen in the midst of a scene party! With other ponies! With others watching!

It is amazing how many miles can tick off when you are in a daze.

We arrived just after sunset. The house, overlooking the Susquehanna River from the hills above Binghamton, was a very private affair with a moderate height stone wall around it and carriage lanterns casting their yellowish flickering light over a scene such as I had never seen.

We pulled through the gate and parked to one side. Several guests had already arrived and were properly attired in fetish and riding wear; the appropriate apparel for the evening as any other dress was not allowed.

We walked up the steps, a number of attendees offering "Good evenings" to Jan and eyeing me with interest. I grinned slightly, not sure how to take it all. "They're looking forward to seeing you in the pony suit," she slyly commented to me as we stepped into the house.

There at the door to greet us was a couple. Jan introduced them as Bill and Lydia. Bill was a burley man. Topping my own respectable six foot, two inches by two additional inches, Bill was well built and looked every inch the party host with a scotch in one hand and tray with two German sweet wines; Jan's favorite, in the other. His attire was as impressive as he. A full rubber catsuit with rubber riding boots, a riding bat sticking out his left boot and a custom made rubber riding jacket.

"Jan! It's good to see you!" he said with a smile and exchanged kisses with her. Jan smiled. "Hello, Bill," she said warmly, but with a cautious distance as she took one of the wines. I took the other. Bill "frisbeed" the tray down the foyer into the main room.

"Bill, Lydia," Jan said indicating me with her free hand. "This is Bryan. He's the one I've been telling you about."

Bill reached out to shake my hand. "Good to meet you," he said with a grin as he indicated Lydia. "This is Lydia, my wife. I think you two have some pony interests in common."

I turned towards Lydia. She was at least five foot, eight inches tall. Slender of build with firm torpedo shaped breasts, she, like Bill, was

attired in a full rubber catsuit and hers was very tight and revealing. She wore thigh high, high heeled boots, and an open face rubber hood that revealed just a little reddish brown hair poking out underneath. The remarkable thing to me about her outfit though was the fact, like my suit, she had a "pony tail" sticking out the back and a pair of pony ears professionally affixed to the hood she was wearing.

Several guests had already arrived and were properly attired in fetish and riding wear...

"Hi. I can't wait to see you in your suit. We've heard a lot about it." she said as Bill led Jan down the hallway towards the main room as Lydia and I followed.

The lights were low but enough to reveal the surroundings clearly. The main room was large by most standards, with an enormous floor to ceiling window looking out over the valley below. The look was very modernist - international, that a number of post prairie style homes had adopted in the late fifties. The furniture was all modern and exhibiting two fundamental colors, black and white. Over to one side of the room however was a most unusual decorative setup, unlike any I had seen in any house, but very common to a barn. There, against one wall where two modular stalls, cut down to mini size by the elimination of two panels on each side.

"You guys can change in the guest room at the end of the hall on your right. That'll be your room tonight." Bill directed. Quickly I found myself and Jan changing into our rubber riding personas.

"I think you'll find this an interesting evening," Jan said. "And just remember, no matter what happens, you and I will be back in here tonight, together." At least she said that with a smile, whatever the meaning, I thought as I changed into my pony gear.

It takes almost twenty minutes to get ready. I finished up first, but just ahead of Jan by the fact that she had not put on her rubber riding jacket yet. "Put your head on. It stays on all through the night tonight," she directed. "Only I can remove it."

I complied as she donned her jacket. Then, nearly ready, she began to wipe me down and check me out before going out into the main room. "OK, one last thing," she said opening my front. "You will be wearing this rubber penile sheath tonight and remain exposed with it on." I was surprised, almost stunned, but with my tail pants and opening I wouldn't be really exposed. Just all showing, but completely covered in rubber.

"OK, we're ready. From here on, your my pony and you do as I say! Understand?"

I gave her a soft whinny and nod to acknowledge my acceptance of her order. She reached down into her tack box and brought out a halter, a lead line and an arm binder. She secured my arms and threw the halter over my head and tugged on the line to get my attention. "OK. Walk with me," she said gently pulling me towards the door.

Whatever comes, I said to myself, this should be fun. My nervousness at the unknown however, left me a little anxious.

Out the doorway and down the hall we went. My hoof boots clopping on the wooden floor. As we approached the main room I became aware of a number of people there. From inside my head piece, with a limited field of vision, I gazed to my left as I entered the room. There were three or four couples there. Each was in some fetish attire, most in rubber catsuits similar to Bill's but a few in leather. One person in each pair was a "pony," but unlike Jan and I, they were all watching. I heard a few murmurs and a number of verbal approvals of my "pony head."

By this time we had reached the center, a fact that enabled me to look to my right. Three more couples, attired as the others, one pony and one rider, all in rubber variations of one sort or another.

Jan put her hand on my left arm and pushed me, as one would a horse, to my right, lining me up with something. That "something," I bumped into. It was then I discovered that there were to be two ponies presented tonight, a pony girl and myself. And the pony girl was none other than Bill's wife, Lydia.

Similar to me, Lydia was tacked up with a halter and an arm binder. Both of us in rubber suits and boots; both, obviously being the "ponies" of the evening's affair.

Since pony rules forbid spoken communication by the pony, unless in an emergency situation, we both stood quietly while Bill took the floor. "OK, time to put the ponies in their stalls," he announced. Jan led me while Bill led Lydia and we were placed into the two stalls I had seen earlier. With a rumble and click both doors where shut and locked just as a real stall door would be. We were sealed in the stalls!

"Friends," Bill began. "Tonight, I am pleased to present two new ponies to our group. First, as all of you know Lydia has been working to be a pony girl for some time. Tonight, I will be showing her under saddle and I am sure you will all be pleased with the results of our hard work and training. And second, a surprise; you all remember Jan? Right? Well, she headed north to Central New York, leaving us to find her fortune. I don't know if she found that yet, but she sure did find a remarkable partner who she claims, she stumbled on by accident." He looked at her with a grin as if to say, sure you did. Jan didn't smile. "But, however she found him, she stumbled across a real find; a rubber fetish pony who made his own hoof boots and head. And she shows him under saddle to us tonight."

"Tonight, I am pleased to present two new ponies to our group."

And with that, Bill turned to Jan. "Let's get them ready. OK, stable hands, to our mounts!"

In moments the stall door was opened and Jan, crop in hand, ordered me with our pre-arranged signal to drop to hands and knees. She then took the halter and led me out of the stall. I looked over to my left and noticed Lydia was being treated the same.

Three people came forward to help Jan. Three more joined Bill around Lydia. A bucket appeared and to my surprise I found myself being wiped down by two pairs of hands. Every inch of me including the pony head mask was given a clean wipe. No parts went untouched and I mean no parts at all!

Next a set of grooming tools appeared. Lydia had her real hair and her tail combed out in gentle strokes. I, with the pony head, had my mane and tail combed out and not so gently; the mane had knotted a bit during my previous play with Jan.

Both the wipe down and the grooming sessions took about fifteen minutes combined before Bill stood up and pointed to two other people out of my sight. "Bring the saddles. Mine is on the couch there and Jan's is on the bed in the guest room." The two stable hands obediently trundled off to comply, bringing back both saddles in a few moments. Mine was my usual; my custom built rubber "interface" between Jan's most sensual bottom and my somewhat sore back. Lydia's was an actual English saddle originally fit to a real small pony no doubt. It had some additional padding from what I could tell and fit her perfectly. In minutes the saddle was mounted and Jan was tightening the girth around my underside. Lydia's saddle was similarly secured.

Finally, the bridles where brought out into the room. Hers, a custom fit rubber mouthpiece, went into her mouth while mine, an actual "fowl" bridle, was fit to my pony head. In moments both quiet mounts were ready for what ever was to come next.

At this point one of the rubber attired ladies, wearing rubber riding jodhpurs, rubber blouse, rubber riding jacket, a rubber mask and leather boots, stepped forward.

Although, I couldn't see her, and even if I could her full mask obscured her face from me, I immediately recognized the voice as that of one of the regional riding judges whom I had actually ridden for in the ring during competitions! The giveaway was when she clearly called out "Riders! Mount!"

This was to be a show!

Jan threw her leg over me and sat squarely in the saddle pulling my head inwards and compacting me into what dressage riders call the "frame," that perfect, highly sought after, presentation of a balanced equine form. Bill, despite all his massive size and weight, expertly mounted his pony girl Lydia in similar fashion and settled comfortably into her saddle.

"To the right, walk please, walk!" Called the latex lady of the ring.

I begán slowly ambling off to my right, wobbly at first, the unsteadiness brought about by the surprise of it all.

Whack!

The crop showed me that my rider was very serious about this show and that I better pay full attention! My pace quickened into our practiced walking movement. Only a few moments passed, which seemed like an eternity. Having been thrown into a severe physical

exercise with little warning, I was already beginning to huff and puff and dread what I knew was to come, the inevitable....

"Trot please! Trot!" The ringmistress called out.

I quickened my crawl as appropriate to a human pony "trot." This was tough work but I observed across the floor Lydia performing the same movements, albeit, a little more slowly given the weight she was carrying! As before, this went on for a few minutes. It seemed as if forever.

"Halt! Reverse! To the left, Walk!"

Damn! I thought to myself as I slowly pivoted about, next time I'm in a real ring with a real horse and this ringmistress is there, sans rubber; I am running her down! I was sweating profusely now as I lumbered about and headed off in the reverse direction. No amount of Jan's crop, which she was more than liberally using, could improve my slow motion response. I was doing my best!

"Trot please! Trot!"

Right- I thought as I pushed myself faster onwards. The crop lessened and the going seemed to get easier.

For the first time in several minutes I observed Lydia. She was moving quite steadily as Bill was sitting in her saddle confidently and putting her through the same paces. Thank heavens, I thought, I was not carrying that weight!

"Halt!" Frau ringmistress called. "To the center. Switch mounts!"

A diabolical move; one that, having been a rider in horse shows all my life, knew as fair and equitable. Just unfortunate for me!

In moments, Jan had abandoned me for Lydia and Bill, all 220 pounds of him, was bearing down in my saddle.

"To the left, walk please, walk!"

Once again, this time under twice the weight, I began the walk, as before, wobbly at first, the unsteadiness brought about by the heavy weight this time.

Whack!

His crop got my attention and inspired me on. I also began to fear the rubber suit being ripped! It was not.

Where Jan's touch had been delicate and dressage like, with all commands and responses well rehearsed, Bill's actions were Western and wild. In the place of subtle pressures and releases, yanks and pulls dragged my head off to the left and right as we made our way around the ring.

"Trot, please trot!" The rubber ring lady ordered.

Wishing to avoid his crop, I picked up the pace immediately. But the going was getting tougher and I was not helping myself. Sweating heavily, I was leaving rivulets of sweat on the floor, some accumulating in pools in which I slipped when I placed my rubber gloved hand down on the floor. But a pony's job is to move forward willingly and freely so I continued.

"Halt! Reverse! To the left, Walk!"

My stop, keyed off the rubber ring lady's command to the rider almost threw Bill out of the saddle. A cropping, and a well deserved one I might add, was my reward. Listen to the rider! Listen to the rider! I reminded myself. I moved forward in the walk.

"Trot please! Trot!"

I was in severe torture now. I didn't know where the energy would come from but somehow I managed to move forward yet again despite Bill's wild flailing of the reins. I promised to myself to work doubly hard at keeping "quiet" hands on a real horse. I was beginning to gain invaluable insight to the rider-horse relationship and amazed that the whole lot of the equine species just did not chuck humans right off their most favored other creature list!

Finally, and mercifully, the ringmistress called "Halt. To the center of the ring!" Obediently, I bore Bill to the middle of the floor where he dismounted. I wanted to crumble to the floor but I held up with the greatest of effort.

Again, as before, the three stable hands appeared and both Lydia and I, who also had survived the nearly twenty minute ordeal, where wiped

down with cooling sponges applied to our rubber suits.

"Well," Bill announced, "I think both ponies have shown their merits! Anyone agree with me?"

A round of applause and spoken approval reassured us that they did. I expected at this point to be reclaimed by Jan and quietly move off to the side where I could recuperate but to my surprise, events where not yet finished.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Lydia's three handlers removing her saddle but replacing it with a pulley contraption that I knew to be a miniature breeding hobble, a tack device used on mares to keep them from kicking a stallion who is about to be mated to them!

My handlers were already removing my saddle but, like Lydia, I was being fitted with a new device. This was a mock twitch, wrapped about my private parts!

Carefully I was led by Jan up behind Lydia whose handlers where unzipping the bottom part of her catsuit revealing her to me. A pull on the twitch pulled off the sheath and in moments I was being positioned on top of Lydia!

We were both amazed at how much energy we had left!

Somewhere around 3 A.M., I, still in my pony suit (with head back on after refreshments) crawled into bed.

"You know, you where really wonderful," Jan said. "Just like I trained you."

I was pretty tired by this point just wanting to drop off to sleep right there in my entire suit but I managed to turn my long nose towards her. "Well, I hope you know, I did it all for you." I murmured back to her, ready to fall asleep.

"Well, then, my pony," she said. "Why don't you roll right on top of me now and do it for me right now."

However, this time I know, the pony missed his queue. I had fallen soundly asleep.

Hosting a stable party requires first and foremost, a dedicated group of riders and ponies, all willing to meet whatever dress/fetish attire code is set up and everyone comfortable with each other, immaterial whether or not there is any intimate contact between ponies and their riders.

Once a group is established, hosting a stable party is a matter of organizing both the spaces for the ponies, such as the stalls and arena areas, and organizing the attendees into riders, ringmasters, handlers, and, of course, ponies. The party I describe here, is a perfect example of how to host a show and keep it balanced between party and show.

Each pony and rider should have their own tack and handling equipment, but at the very least; halter, lead lines, bridle, saddle and grooming tools. The host provides the stall spaces, ring space, in addition to food, drink, etc. A quiet, secluded place is obviously best!

The organization of a show can take a number of directions. The show I did here was a typical "on the flat" horse show class. Walk, trot, (no canter, impossible with a rider while on the knees) halt, reverse, walk trot, to the center. Equally, one could use blind rides through an obstacle course, or even revert to stand up pony (walk, trot, canter prancing as I described in my previous article.)

The whole show portion (grooming to end) took about an hour and fifteen minutes. The remaining party went on till early morning and was of the usual SM/BD fetish type affair, all well established in the mood of the show.

This, basically is all it takes. Always bear in mind, safety first and safety always. Its easy to injure a knee; almost impossible to replace one. Ω

Bryan Milhoud's e-mail address is Rbr Pony@aol.com

Horse Woman

by JG- Leathers

illustrations by JG- Leathers

Author's Note

This story is a work of fiction, in case the reader has any doubts, and any resemblance to real persons, places, things, or locations is strictly coincidental.

Although most of the equipment pictured and described does exist, the reader should not attempt to duplicate any of the situations, and/or scenarios contained within the following text as serious harm or injury could result.

Piercing of the body, in any area, should only be undertaken after serious thought and consideration have been taken, and be done only by a qualified person. In particular, any piercing or adornment of the sexual organs or nipples should be carried out with extreme caution. Some of the illustrated equipment, i.e., the nipple ring and anchoring post assembly, cannot be affixed, except by surgical means, and descriptions have been included only as a fictional device.

All readers are encouraged to enjoy role playing, under rules of common sense, no coercion. Consent of the partner is required, plus respect for his or her wishes; and when the partner says stop, do so immediately! No begging! No Whining! No questions!

JG-L

He ducked under the straps, leaving me fastened facing the back wall of the stall and I heard the doors behind me swing shut and lock with a set of steely crashes; but then he closed the outer portions too! I was left totally isolated in the now semi-darkened cell! Only the light from the high, barred window above slanted into the far corner behind me, partially illuminating my stall and I began to weep as much as the horrible, punishing bit allowed, trying incoherently to beg him to come back, jerking against the secure fastenings of my bridle and body harness; the only human in the barn and in the world for all I knew! Terrified with panic at being left so thoroughly bound and alone, I fought against my tethering, only to have the bit once more expand inside my mouth, even while I continued to try to beg for release. Suddenly, I slipped

> *"This is just the preparation stage, Christine."*

and my legs went out from under, leaving me hanging by my bridle cross ties and the ones to my harness! The mouth-filler sprang open again, forcing my jaws wide apart and gagging my terrified cries to subdued panic stricken screams and whinnies while I desperately tried to scramble back to my feet, thoroughly frightened now and twisting my useless arms against their utterly secure and implacable fastenings.

At last, I began to settle down, standing docilely in the dimly lit stall while my shoulders heaved with muffled sobbing and self recrimination while I contemplated my fate. The creaking and jingling of my harness were the only sounds that resounded in the stall while I continued my solitary struggle to escape the fate that I had so willingly embraced. I had been turned into a horse and couldn't escape whatever he planned for me!

What seemed like an eternity later, I heard the distant boom of the outer stable door and a moment later the one to my stall opened behind me. The bright overhead neon light snapped on and I automatically tried to turn my head and see who had entered; but once again the reins and the bit exerted their absolute command when the straps snapped tight, making me yell with distress. He soothed me with gentle words for a moment or two, stroking my behind and breasts while I struggled against my harness, angry and helpless at how easily he was handling and controlling me.

"Sorta looks like you've accustomed yourself to your new room, Horse Woman." He chuckled walking around and inspecting the fit of my harness. "You've got such pretty breasts Honey, that I'm planning on having them nipple ringed real soon! Before that happens though dear, I'm going to have to fit you with a special 'trainer' so that your nipples will be long enough to take the rings, and we'll get to that as soon as you've had your evening snack."

I shook my head against its restraining straps, hearing my harness creak when I tried to object to what he planned; but all that emerged from my mouth, again, was a series of incoherent whinnies. My objection though was really a half hearted one, for I'd contemplated having it done for quite a while and the thought of being made to undergo the ordeal began the process of heating my loins, again! He brought a cup up in front, then held it to my bitted lips and I slurped greedily at the water through the steel "controller," uncar-

ing that some splashed down my face. The snack consisted of him feeding me some sort of mush and it was what was to constitute my food at the ranch from now on, although I didn't realize it at the moment. It was a pretty tasteless mix of ground up raw vegetables and corn meal; but it had all kinds of vitamins and other supplements added into the brew. These supplements, I soon found out, made my breasts begin to fill with milk! He had plans for that happening too!

After I'd been fed, he released the reins that kept me facing the wall and one of the straps to my bit rings, then turned me around and reconnected the cross ties to the wall so that I faced the corridor and closed door. He sauntered casually to the wall where a tangle of straps hung on a hook, their shiny blackness accentuated by the gleaming steel post and cross member that stuck out at the middle, then he picked it up, straightening the straps.

"This, Christine, is the trainer that'll be used to lengthen your nipples prior to them being pierced and ringed. You'll have to wear it night and day until your flesh stretches sufficiently, probably for the next month or so." He casually stated, holding the torture device negligently while I stared at it with growing horror.

"It'll be quite painful for you; but that's all part of the process of breaking you to your harness. You'll get used to it, I suppose." His words seemed so uncaring.

I shook with dread and panic when he came closer with it held by his side; but he reached up to the wall and pulled the two thick straps down, clipped them to the side rings of my belt and tightened them until I danced with my steel shod hoofs just touching the floor. When he'd finished the adjustments they had the effect of tightening the whole of my body harness and pulling the crotch piece even more firmly up between my legs.

I screamed and wept helplessly and unashamedly now, thrashing my head against the cross ties to my bit rings and kicking my legs spasmodically; but he stopped the kicking by clipping my ankles together with a stout double ended snap hook, then tightened my reins even more until the bit began to spread my jaws, thus keeping my head immobilized! A chain ran from the snap hook's central link and he threaded the loose end through a wall ring behind me, pulling my legs backwards and off the floor so that I couldn't even kick!

He fitted this newest contraption over the top of my breaking harness, quickly clipping it in place, then tightening the securing straps. This didn't take long at all and in a minute the long post and cross tree affair was mounted securely between my pendulous breasts, sticking far out between them. Each end of the short cross member was equipped with a small clamp whose jaws were fitted with knobbed rubber liners, so that when they were placed, not only did the springs keep the jaws closed; but any tension only served to make them grip tighter!

I heard the distant boom of the outer stable door and a moment later the one to my stall opened behind me.

For a moment he let me hang there, twisting and weeping; ensnared fully, gasping and moaning from the sensations of the plug writhing in my stomach, then he began kneading and caressing my right nipple, making me try to twist away from him, bucking and writhing rebelliously in suspension against the harnessing. I tried to scream against these impersonal but arousing manipulations, writhing frenziedly while he teased my sensitive flesh, yet feeling my traitorous nipple become erect under his caressing. I knew instinctively and with horror what was to come next. Slowly the two pads of the jaws were released, pressing deeply into the base of the tender bud of my flesh. I wailed anew with the shock of the painful compression, thrashing my head wildly against its controlling reins, trying to shake the horrid thing loose from its agonizing grip on my supersensitive nipple.

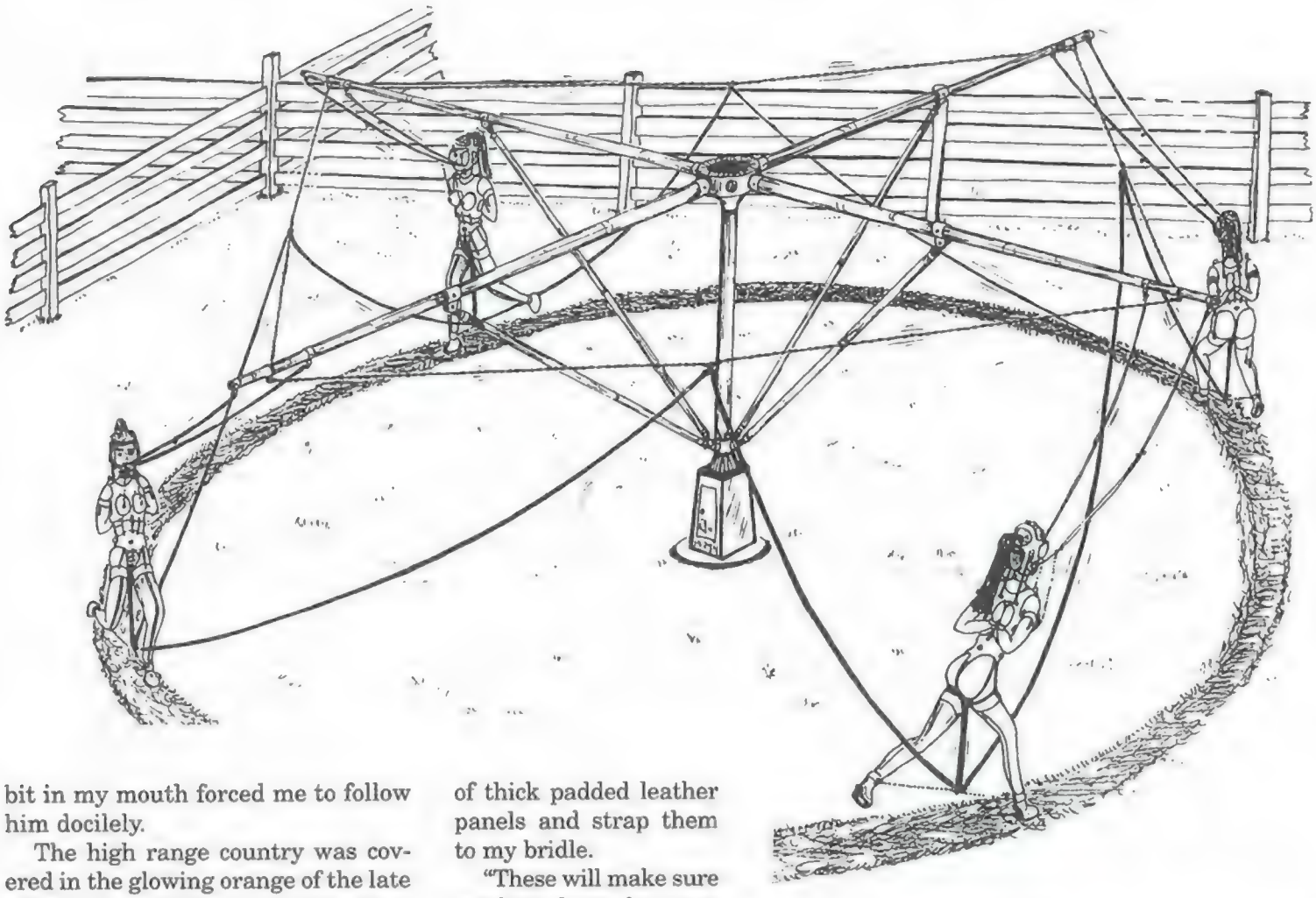
Nothing that I did could dislodge the awful clamp though. It flopped around, tugging painfully and heavily when my breast swung back and forth. He wasn't done yet by a long shot, because he started on my other nipple immediately! A minute later he had me again howling and writhing when the painful little clamp was applied.

"This is just the preparation stage, Christine." He said, then slowly slid the cross member outwards on the post. He tightened the set screw that held the cross piece solidly locked in position, keeping my flesh under a constant tension with no way for me to escape it!

I tried to bend over more in my harnessed suspension to ease the strain; but he reached down and moved the cross tree out even further! There was to be no relaxation of the painful tension on my breasts and nipples! I straightened when my breasts tried to succumb to the force of gravity.

"Well, Christine, it's time for some exercise!" He grinned into my tear streaming face, and began unclipping my stall fastenings.

In a moment I was free of all but my reins and he led me from the stall. With each step, agony was wrung from my collared throat when my breasts bounced against their stringent stretching; but I was dragged relentlessly along the wide aisle of the barn and out through the back door to the exerciser, my hobble chain jingling merrily. I tried to balk when I realized that he planned to attach me to the thing. The command of my reins was absolute and after a second or two, the painful expansion of the spoon



bit in my mouth forced me to follow him docilely.

The high range country was covered in the glowing orange of the late afternoon sunlight and although I was utterly naked but for the harness and my other equipment, I was nevertheless quite comfortable as far as the temperature was concerned. My eyes rolled wildly and I tried to toss my head against the controlling drag of the reins, praying that Manuel or Consuela were still at the ranch and would be able to rescue me; but it was no use! We were alone and unbeknownst to me, they were in on the plot too!

In helpless tears I clip clopped along behind him to the fenced exercise ring, struggling desperately to resist the constant control while he ambled along ahead of me. A moment later we stopped beneath one of the high, waiting arms of the horse exerciser. I glanced up and saw that it was already equipped with two long, dangling, adjustable straps, then he took them and quickly connected their snap hook equipped ends to the rings on my bit and removed my leading reins. The last thing he did before he left was to bring out a pair of thick padded leather panels and strap them to my bridle.

"These will make sure you keep focused on your exercise." He explained, completing the initial mounting process. I stood quietly, shaking, while he fastened them to my head harness, quivering with renewed panic at what was to happen to me next. My clamped nipple flesh burned and I desperately wished that I had never been endowed with breasts.

When I stared out into the surrounding countryside through the vision limiting framework of the blinkers, for that's what they were; I whinnied desperately to no avail. Then he flipped them closed across my eyes and I felt the padded interiors press at first lightly against my closed lids, then more firmly when he threaded a thin metal bar through eyelets on the outer surfaces and locked each end to other small rings on my bridle. I was totally blind now!

"Have a nice evening Honey," he said jovially. "The exerciser will start automatically in a minute or two and it's been programmed to give you a little rest every half hour or so. I'll be back to check on and water you in a while. See you later Horse Woman!"

"NNnnyyyaaa!!" I whinnied in horrified distress at being left alone on the implacable machine, blinded, and fastened; but it was to no avail! He'd walked away without a backwards glance while I twisted blindly and totally helpless at the ends of my tight reins, trying to follow his muffled retreating foot steps while he reentered the barn.

Suddenly, the motor started and with a small creak from the bearings, the overhead arms swung into motion. The reins snapped tight to my bit and I was dragged into a slow, hobble chain snapping walk. If I tried to resist the tension of the controlling straps, the mouth spoon expanded, distending my mouth and so I was compelled to walk! Even if I slowed for a moment the awful thing began to spread apart! With each hobble limiting my pace, my breasts bounced naturally, bringing even

more tears and screams of distress from me; but again I couldn't escape the horrible torturing and command of my bondage!

He was breaking me to harness and my new life as a female human horse, and there was nothing I could do to prevent it from happening!

I struggled around and around in blinded distress, my hobble chains snapping taut with each step I took and the bit always threatening to expand in my mouth. The hopelessness of my situation overwhelmed me and I wept wildly for my past freedom, although somewhere in the back of my mind, my subconscious snickered in an evil manner. I don't know how long I was dragged around and around; but I eventually began to accept my fate: until the dildo buried and locked into my body, and almost forgotten by me until this point, suddenly revealed one of its secrets!

A slow pulsing and buzzing began to seep from the thick shaft! I writhed my hips spasmodically, instinctively and then shrieking wildly when it continued unabated, gradually growing in intensity! Another small mechanical demon, buried in the nubbin that pressed against my clitoris also came to life and I wailed helplessly into my gagging bit, jerking frenziedly against my bonds! There was no escape! In seconds I was in a welter of screaming arousal while I continued to stumble blindly around the ring under the control of my reins.

At that moment, the tension on them slackened and I slowly ambled to a stop, wandering in limited, blinded, and helpless little circles at the ends of the controlling straps while the incredibly arousing sensations in my lower body grew more and more intense. I tried to writhe myself free of the devices, feeling my flesh erupt in goose bumps of enhanced feeling while I was forced higher and higher towards an impending orgasm; but there was no way to stop the insidious assaults! My legs began trembling and convulsing spasmodically and I screamed out my pain arousal to the empty plains; then, just when the sensations began to overwhelm my mind, combined with the burning pain in my breasts and nipples, my legs collapsed!

I dangled there under the arm of the exerciser at the ends of my reins, my mouth wide spread and my cries of pain and pleasure muffled by the horrible mouth spoon, while an explosive masochistic orgasm swept over and through my brain and body! The involuntary trembling and writhing that convulsed me couldn't be ignored and for long moments I just hung there thrashing and kicking mindlessly and wildly with the overwhelming release. The vibrators continued their unstoppable buzzing and another orgasm swept the last remnants of my sanity aside. I screamed with the primal release, fading into a lightning laced nether world of total sexual abandonment. Little did I realize it then; but I was being trained to covet the sensations of sexual stimulation and satisfaction while locked into my harness!

The high range country was covered in the glowing orange of the late afternoon sunlight and although I was utterly naked but for the harness and my other equipment...

Many minutes later I regained awareness and slowly struggled to my feet, jerking my head what little I could against the controlling reins. A low chime sounded off to my left and the reins snapped tight, forcing me to resume my exercise. I don't know how long I was kept on the machine that afternoon and evening; but eventually my Rein Master came and released me, then opened the blinder pads and looked deeply into my staring and frantic eyes. I blinked tearfully up at him in the semi darkness.

"OK, Christine," he said gently. "That's enough for today. You've just had the first of the pleasure/pain breaking and conditioning sessions. It's time to get you back to your stall and put you to bed." He said while he unclipped the straps that had so easily held me a captive on the exerciser.

I tried to speak and tell him how scared I was; but he seemed to anticipate what I was going to say for he picked me up in his arms and carried me back to my new home.

"Yeah, Honey, I know. It's pretty traumatic, isn't it? What with having your deepest desires suddenly confront you and come to full life."

I wanted to beg him to release the trainer harness torturing my breasts and nipples so terribly; but all that emerged from my mouth were more of the stifled horse whinnies.

"I've folded down your cot, Christine, and as soon as you've been to the bathroom, you'll be put to bed in your stall." He stated.

I lay quiescent and unresisting in his arms while he walked slowly to the barn. My reins trailed along behind us, dragging through the tough grass. I could feel the vibrations of their movement on the bit locked in my mouth.

Once inside, he took me to the wash area and quickly freed my crotch of the steel band and plug, then discretely turned his back as I gratefully did my thing, my hands and arms still firmly strapped and chained high up behind my shoulders. A moment later though, he turned and carefully washed and dried me, then again insisted that I accept the humiliating device within my body! The snapping of the locks when the crotch band was again

secured ensured that the deeply penetrating monster in my loins would remain there for however long he desired me to endure it.

He picked up the reins and with a gentle snap, led me back down the wide corridor to my stall. Just before he pulled me through the door and into the secure little containment, I tried again to balk at my fate, moaning and bending over against the tension on the straps.

"Come along, Christine!" he commanded. "This is your home until you're broken to harness, and then you'll be allowed to come up to the house, occasionally, and be a woman again for a little while. In the meantime, you stay here."

I stared up at him through the confining limits of my blinkers and the bit arms and slowly began to understand that this was really how I wanted to be treated! Slowly, he tightened his grip on my reins and I clip clopped over to stand beside him. He looped them through one of the rings on the wall above the folded down panel of my bed, then walked behind me and unstrapped my arms, allowing me to slowly straighten them. For a moment the pins-and-needles sensations were almost unbearable; but they slowly subsided while he reached down and prepared my pallet.

"OK, Honey." He smiled at me, "Time for you go to bed!"

I was scooped up and laid gently on the mattress of the narrow cot, then I heard various clicks and snaps when he connected my bed

restraining straps. Again, I tried to ask him to please take me back to the house with him; but the bit performed its job admirably, reducing all my pleas to wordless, horse like whinnies. The heavy leather straps tightened, and in moments I was held almost immovably on the soft mattress.

He gently picked up each of my mitten hands and with two small locks, restrained them off to the sides, then he connected the central link of my hobble chain to a ring on the bottom of the bed frame, leaving enough slack so that I could, if I felt the urge, draw my feet up a little before they were snubbed short. By this time I was gasping and tugging futility against the fastenings; but he ignored my panicky movements and his hands came into my restricted field of vision and grasped my reins. Each one was led off to the side of the bed and clipped to another ring, then he tightened them gently until my head was held centered in the soft pillow, motionless. Two more straps were connected to the bit rings and he joined these to others hanging from the distant ceiling, tightening them also until my head was held fractionally suspended above the pillow, cradled in the web work of the bridle that ensnared it. This also expanded the bit a little, gagging me completely!

"Just about done, sweetheart!" He murmured, bending down and kissing me around the steel pulling my lips against my teeth.

When he withdrew he flipped the blinkers closed and secured them once more, leaving me in blackness. I was utterly helpless! For a moment I squirmed and struggled against the harnesses and restraints that entrapped me, then settled down when I found that there was to be no escape, panting from my struggles and the panic that I now felt. He pulled a smooth blanket over me and I heard snap fasteners pop from around its edges when it was loosely fastened to the bed frame. I didn't feel it on my breasts though for the he tented it far away from my aching and burning stretched nipples.

"Good night, Christine," he said. A moment later the door to my stall clicked shut and I heard the locks snap shut, ensuring that I wouldn't leave the confines of my stall. The main door boomed faintly shut and I knew myself to be alone, an utter prisoner.

He picked up the reins and with a gentle snap, led me back down the wide corridor to my stall. Just before he pulled me through the door and into the secure little containment, I tried again to balk at my fate, moaning and bending over against the tension on the straps.

"Oh, please! Please!?" I tried to beg through the bit; but it silenced me as always and I thrashed against my restraints; striving, hoping, praying that he would relent. It was not to be.

For a long time I lay there helpless, weeping quietly to myself; but eventually, despite all the mixed and inescapable sensations I drifted off to sleep. Hours or minutes later, for I had no way of telling, the invaders within and against my body began again their insistent dance of arousal once more and I was driven screaming and kicking wildly against my restraints towards an orgasm I couldn't resist or avoid!

I had nearly reached the point of climax when everything suddenly stopped, leaving me in a sweat drenched state of panting and hungering arousal. Nothing I could do in my harnessed and bound state though would give me the final push over the edge and I howled with frustration, gradually subsiding away from the promise of nirvana. I was allowed some fifteen minutes of rest, then the whole insidious process started over again, commanding my, at first, unwilling body towards its date with ecstasy. Again, I approached the zenith of experience, only to have it withdrawn at the last moment! My cries of frustration were manifest while I slid back towards sanity; but the process was repeated over and over again, driving me literally crazy with insatiable desire!

Finally, I was teased and prodded by all the sensations until I knew I'd reached the final plateau of conscious, still controlled, sexual arousal. With a soft explosion of energy deep in my stomach, I felt my tenuous grip on reality begin to shred more and more rapidly when I was driven beyond the point of human female endurance. I crashed through the last barrier with the speed and force of a runaway locomotive. With strangled screams of ecstasy, pain, and delirium I plunged over the precipice of orgasm and with a flash of thunder and the glare of exploding stars, I rocketed into an entire body series of releases that completely obliterated my awareness of reality, then spiraled down into the dark dimensions of an utterly dreamless sleep while my body twitched and writhed against the restraints in subsiding shuddering aftermath.

My first day as a Horse Woman was finally completed. Ω

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